May 4th.

The weather *is* much hotter, about eighty-six to ninety. I continue to enjoy good health. We occasionally make agreeable parties into the country, and went last week to dine in a wild, foresty situation by the seaside, where the fishing-boats attended and supplied us with good fish. I have had delightful rides in the east part of the island, which is more woody and mountainous.

Here are some plantations built quite up in the nooks of the valleys, and call to mind the dear *sites* of Bagneres. The beauties of this climate, with respect to flowers, lie mostly in the creeping and climbing tribes. There are in the woodlands here large cream-coloured, yellow, red, purple, blue and scarlet trumpet-flowers and convolvoluses, but I expect more variety in the less cultivated islands.

I have met with numbers of friends and acquaintances of our dear Harry and his good friend, which has been many a dagger to me. The most knowing seamen here think the unfortunate *Babet*

was wrecked upon the almost unknown Isles of Aves, to the southward of this place.